A WOMAN'S ADVENTURES IN THE JUNGLES OF COLOMBIA

Wife of Oil Prospector Tells of Daring Trip With Husband Into Country of Snakes and Savages

Penetrated Territory Never Before Visited by Americans---Saw Many Wild Men at Safe Distance

"YOU want a picture of the lady explorer to go with the story? But I never have any pictures taken. Not having them taken is one of my superstitions.'

The woman who has followed her explorer husband into the most impassable of jungles shook her head laughingly, but with finality. Mrs. Frank Anderson has the graceful swinging walk that comes from following the trail, although the trip through the Colombian jungle from which she has just returned was made on horseback. But it was exceedingly toilsome, for the party, consisting of Mr. Anderson, who is geologist for the Standard Oil Company, his wife, his four young assistants and the native helpers had to be preceded all the way by the machete men, who chopped out a path.

"I was not only the first white woman to go into the jungle, but the first American to penetrate the country at all," she admits. "As our little steamer went up the Sinu the children ran out from the mud and bamboo houses calling, 'Mira! Mira! Americana!' I used to feel that I was on exhibition all the time, and it was very hard to dress the part, for my clothes wilted and the very hairpins rusted in my hair. It was so hot and damp that we had to take off all the buttons and metal buckles for fear of rust spots, and our shoes fairly mildewed on our feet. It's a comfort to get home again in some ways," and the traveller smoothed the iron gray hair that was neatly curled again in honor of dry America.

"We left New York a year ago in May by one of the United Fruit Company's boats, going south to Kingston, Jamaica, then to Colon, Panama. That part of the trip is familiar enough, of course; but after that we sailed northwest to Puerta de Colombia, where we took on 40,000 stems of bananas. They were loaded by hand by the tan and ebony natives with only a bag tied around them by way of clothing.

"The Caribbean was as blue as a sapphire, and I never saw anything more beautiful than Cartagena, the principal port of Colombia, with its enclosed harbor and its white beaches. It is a walled city, and I understand the work of making it safe represents the labor of 150,000 men and cost $59,000,000.

"But by far the most interesting part of the trip was the voyage up the Sinu on the little seventy-five foot steamer. There was only one camorote or stateroom and only fifty feet of deck space for the sixty passengers to swing their hammocks. The captain gave me his stateroom, since I was the only woman on board, but with the others it was first come, first served. The hammocks were swung one above the other like bunks. Some of the men slept on deck and some on the table where we ate! We had our own bedding of course and I got through the 110 miles in comparative comfort.

"We found a beautiful house waiting for us in Lorica built in the old Spanish mission style round a wonderful patio. Unlike most of the houses, it was two stories high. It belonged to the principal family of the province, who owned the electric light, butter and ice plants.

"From my windows I could see the women washing in the river, carrying their bundles of clothes down to a convenient stone and paddling them with boards, then spreading them on bushes to dry. Everything we needed in the household was brought to the door by natives. Live chickens and turkeys, yuccas, mangoes, the yellow fruit that tastes rather like a sweet plum, cocoanuts and llucas are all poled down the river in canoes. Then there is cocoanut flour bread rolled out into thin sheets like Jewish matzoths. I liked to go down to the wharf on market days, though the native ladies never do. Even the cloth for their dresses is brought to the house in bolts by the servants.

"As a matter of fact they wear only a jacket and skirt, it is so very hot, less than nine degrees from the equator. Children, even of the better class, go entirely without clothing up to 5 and 6. And there are so many of them! Fifteen is not a particularly large family, and I met one charming woman who had twenty-two. Grandparents, father and mother, the married sons and daughters and all the children live together in the same families with all their children in absolute harmony. They keep a great many servants, of course, for wages are very low, and treat them almost like members of the family.

"The lower classes are a mixture of Indian, Chinese and negro, but the aristocrats are almost pure Spanish. They are charmingly friendly—much more so than the Mexican women—and I became very fond of some of them. They never could understand why I wanted to go out into the jungle, but they were too polite to say so! They were very pretty in their white jackets that looked almost like our middies and the dainty little shoes, of which they are so proud. Even the native women who go barefoot have small, slender feet and the most beautiful long hair. It is almost always prettily dressed in spite of the fact that they carry everything on their heads. I have seen a woman with two five gallon oil tins filled with water on her head, but she only walked a little straighter than usual.

"My husband left me to watch the sights, pick up Spanish and play with Felix, the tiger kitten that a native brought to the door, and began his prospecting immediately. Did he find any oil? Well, I'm not permitted to say, but the men are still working down there. There is silver and gold in the country too, and really wonderful opportunities for cattle raising. One American lumber company is at work, but there wasn't a wheeled vehicle, barring a wheelbarrow or two, in Lorica until we arrived with our buckboard.

"It was pretty hard riding over those mule paths, but every one rushed out to look at us, so we got some very good pictures. The people themselves all ride on horseback or muleback or donkeyback, with their babies or their baggage in panniers at the side. The young doctors and dentists—most of the young men are educated abroad or in the United States—make all their trips through the country that way. There are only 600 miles of railroad in the whole country and very few boats. All the river travel was done in canoes until we took in our little gasolene launch.

"I never shall forget the start on my own first trip into the jungle. My husband and his assistants—two of the boys were from Stanford and two from the University of California, but they had buried all differences—had found out by that time exactly what they needed. I wore a divided skirt, in which the natives were much interested. They were more dressed than usual themselves, and all the Indians we met retired as soon as they saw me and came back with skirts of bark and leaves.

"We had the usual hammocks, bags of food, water barrels, mosquito nets and cook tent loaded on the burros, and had taken along a special camp tent for me in case we didn't find the usual empty house; but we only had to pitch it once in all the week we were gone.

"The first night we camped in a little open space, and the cook soon had a fire going, with bacon and yamas toasting over it. Every bit of drinking water has to be brought from a safe place and then boiled. But we didn't have to live on beans and bacon. Even the woods Indians raise fowls and cattle. There is no wild game. You have to learn to eat fresh killed meat; but you have to do that anywhere in that country. It is too hot to keep anything even over night. My khaki suit was soon streaked with dust and the heat from the horses, but as there was no one to see it I did not mind.

"We did have some shooting, for the second day out a fifteen foot boa constrictor crossed our path. One of the men shot it at once and the natives skinned it. The colors in it's skin were wonderful.

"They were nothing, however, to the colors of the flowers. The tall grass and the trees made it too dark in most places even to take pictures, but wherever there was a rift of sunlight the flowers burst forth. There were the wonderful pink accasia bushes and a sort of bird of paradise flower with one blue petal—the other yellow and red. The royal poinsetta grew tall as a maple with its perfect blooms and long pods—and there were beautiful scarlet and yellow orchids. We found some very rare specimens. While the men were looking for oil I looked for orchids. Sometimes I would have to be contented with an armful of scarlet hybiscus, but usually I found what I was looking for.

"I know something about geology of course and there were many interesting formations. Suddenly the heavy silence would be broken by the cry of the machete man as he saw light ahead, and we would come out on an open space with perhaps a half dozen mud volcanoes in active operation. The men got off to examine every strange or promising formation of course. I often went with the party after that first trip during the months we stayed in Lorica.

"Later we went up the Rio de Oro in the launch as far as the country of the savages east of Bogota. They have never been disturbed since the Spaniards drove them into their mountain fastnesses and they shoot at intruders on sight with poisoned arrows. We saw some of them like dark pieces of bronze among the trees, but did not go too near. There is absolutely nothing desirable in their country, which is the only reason I suppose why they are left to possess it. The river is full of rapids, though fortunately shallow, and the men frequently had to get out to help the launch over them. It had a canvas cover stretched above it and a canvas chair for me. At night we disembarked and pitched the tent just as we did when travelling on horseback.

"The savages may have been afraid of the puffing of the launch, for they did not trouble us, and we caught only a few glimpses of them through the glasses.

"The woods Indians greeted us with the greatest interest, however. As soon as we made our camp they would manage something in the way of clothes and then appear with fruit and fowls to sell. They were wonderfully skilful and in a few hours they had cut down and made a tree trunk canoe when we came out on the banks of Rio Sardinata. It was hollowed out, chipped off and a canvas shelter arranged for me almost before we had finished our arrangements to send back our horses. The Indians with their long poles took us down not only the Rio Sardinata but the San Miguel. On the Rio Zubio, a tributary of the Catatumbo, we saw natives killing alligators along the banks. There is no swimming in these streams, for they are full of alligators and sharks.

"These longer trips we did not make until after the close of the rainy season in July. I never saw such thunder and lightning as we had in Lorica. It was terrific, and the rain came not in drops, but in sheets. It lasts only a few minutes, however, and you can look 500 yards away and see the sun shining. By evening we could walk downtown to listen to the music or watch them playing at the gaming tables.

"We lived for a few months in Cartagena and Barranquilla, but as we stayed at pensions my memories are almost all of Lorica, where I did my own housekeeping. Then, too, I had to leave Felix behind, as he had grown too large to travel. He still liked to sit on my lap, but we had to keep him tied for fear he might run out through the patio door and be killed by the timid natives. He was so gentle that I don't believe he would ever harm any one, though he soon began to demand raw meat instead of milk. He learned to spring on the birds which flew down into the patio, just as a real cat might do.

"So, my only live souvenir of my trip is Pedro, the banana bird, as the natives called him. I bought him from an Indian who had gone into the country of the savages to trap him."

Pedro spread out his black and yellow wings, opened his long bill and obliged with a very tuneful little song.

"He made friends with every one on the voyage home and wasn't seasick at all, though every one else on board was," declared his owner with pride.

"Yes, I enjoyed every moment of my trip, though I am very fond of my California home in Berkeley. I shall always hope to go with Mr. Anderson after this, since we have no children to leave behind. I shall never forget the last view of Cartagena—the white sands—the gray walls and, above it all the old gray monastery that some monk was told in a vision centuries ago to build. I hope to go back, for I know there will be plenty of Americans there some day!"

Market day at Lorica.

Provisions are poled down the river by natives in canoes.

A night encampment in the jungle.

Ready to start after a night in a jungle clearing.

Helping the motor up rapids on the Rio de Oro. This is in the country of savages.

A street scene in Lorica, Colombia.

FUTURE OF THE ISLAND OF HAYTI UNDER UNITED STATES PROTECTORATE

Ratification of New Treaty Likely to Open Up Another Avenue for Trade Expansion

By CHARLES R. MICHAEL.

WITH the entire island of Hayti about to come under the protectorate of the United States as the only safe means of financial rehabilitation and progress, there opens to American trade another avenue for expansion. The action of the Haytian Congress in ratifying the treaty—a convention more far reaching than the existing treaty with the Dominican Republic—will place the second largest, and perhaps the most fertile island of the West Indies, under the control of the United States, to be developed, protected and guided to stable democratic government and prosperity.

While the action of the Congress of Hayti in ratifying the treaty does not conclude the convention, yet the final step, the acceptance of this treaty by the United States Senate, is likely. Conditions will probably force its adoption by the United States. The great international problem that loomed threateningly in the diplomatic horizon and promised to lead to intervention by foreign Governments in Hayti will compel this Government to take under its care 3,000,000 negroes and persons of mixed blood, no matter how great the objections that will be raised against it in the Senate.

Thus will be concluded the second of such treaties, the first being with Santo Domingo in 1907. In the sister republic the terms are less sweeping than the treaty now being negotiated with Hayti. The United States, as a guarantee for the payment of Santo Domingo's debts, has charge of the collection of the customs. This arrangement will be made with Hayti, and, what is more important for the peace of the country, the control of the naval and military forces of Hayti will pass to the United States.

As the United States enters upon what must be its enlarged trade policy, the cultivation of the trade of Latin America, this rich island offers a rich territory and immeasurable opportunities for exploitation. Here must be applied the methods of high civilization and scientific industry to a great tropical region. Steamship lines must be established and, above all, a system of credit equal in terms to those offered by Europe must be arranged by the United States with the South American States. The Federal reserve system makes all this possible, and already large financial institutions of the United States are establishing branch banks there.

This adaptation must be complete and must include not only a better financial arrangement, but also proper business methods, such as the packing of goods in forms acceptable to the tropics. With the United States the nearest of the great producing countries, the trade of South America has gone chiefly to Europe because of the better credits offered by the nations now at war.

There is one dominant reason why the American tropics have not participated in the progress of other tropical lands, and that reason is this: Instability of governmental conditions has estopped the capital and the enterprise of the world from undertaking the development of their resources. For this state of affairs the United States is largely to blame.

Our national sins have been those of omission rather than of commission. We have paid no attention to the welfare of tropical republics for the purely selfish and ignorant reason that we did not consider the matter worth our while. This inattention has now given way to active interest, and the new policy promises to be to the benefit of both alike.

Stable governments will arise in the places where pillage and murder have thrived. Poverty will give way to prosperity. In return for our activities the trade of the tropics will flow naturally to the United States in exchange for manufactured products of this country.

It has not dawned on our political leaders generally that the tropics are a great but unused asset. We are so accustomed to the careless or wilful destruction of our forest and other natural resources that it has been a matter of slight interest to us whether our tropical neighbors make a specialty of anarchy or of productive peace. The productive peace era is opening and the people of the countries that have known only revolutions welcome an opportunity to take their place in the ranks of men who are at peace and happy because usefully engaged.

The revolutions of the countries of South America have cost the United States great losses in trade. We have been forced to pay our share of the losses in the periods of lawlessness which blight Mexico and other tropical republics. Each nation shares in the prosperity or distress of other nations. The revolution, equally with the hurricanes which destroy crops in the adjacent tropics, adds to the cost of living of the dwellers in every city of the United States. On the other hand, any enterprise or any statesmanship which increases the productivity of these tropical lands adds directly to the assets and welfare of the people of the United States.

The United States is and always will be the chief market for the agricultural products of these tropical nations. The United States should supply to them in return the products of its factories and mills. The situation must be met with intelligence and sympathy.

In the last eight years the republic of Santo Domingo has begun to realize its possibilities in commerce and agricultural development. Its trade has trebled under the American protectorate. The warring Dominicans, for the most part, have laid aside their weapons and are fast turning to productivity. Old lines of activities such as the raising of sugar cane, cocoa and coffee, carried on without system or order, have increased their production, while American and foreign capital is now engaged in extensive cotton raising, and on the highlands are found large stock farms.

In a decade this republic has accomplished more toward real agricultural development and stability of government than in the previous fifty years of independence, in which murder and robbery flourished.

Under the inspiration of the United States, with Porto Rico on one side and Cuba on the other as examples, Santo Domingo, richer and more fertile by nature than its neighbors, is encouraging the tilling of the soil and the starting of new enterprises. The investment of foreign capital, necessary to a people impoverished by almost constant warfare, has been slow and timid. The flow of gold into the half developed sugar cane and coffee plantations awaits the establishment of permanent peace and security to property.

Santo Domingo is now on the threshold of conquering its bands of brigands. With this accomplished will come tranquillity and an era of development in agriculture that will astound the world ignorant of the possibilities in the tropics.

Interest now naturally centres in the West Indies because of the occupation by the United States of Hayti and secondly because of the interruption of trade channels between the countries of Europe by reason of the war abroad. If the United States succeeds in reaching these countries with adequate ship lines and creates a satisfactory credit system the trade of South America will come to this country almost entirely.

Santo Domingo, lying in the line of travel from the United States to Panama, is bound to play an important part in the world's trade and in the movement to bring the trade of South and Central America under the control of the United States. Its products and the products of all the West Indies will have markets heretofore inaccessible.

In 1907 the export trade of Santo Domingo amounted to less than $4,000,000. It grew to $10,588,787 in 1914, and despite the disturbed economic and commercial situation accruing from the war its trade showed an increase over 1913. The imports in 1914 amounted to $6,729,007, of which the United States furnished $4,452,347. Germany was second with a trade of $927,842 and the republic bought of the United Kingdom goods amounting to $567,037. The total trade of Santo Domingo was $17,317,794, the exports being $10,588,562. United States took $8,572,562 of the products of the republic, with Germany receiving $818,717.

Among the articles exported which showed material increase over the previous year may be mentioned the following: Raw sugar, with an increase of $1,292,856; sugar cane, an increase of $62,585; cacao, an increase of $223,466, and coffee, an increase of $88,503.

That Santo Domingo possesses unrivalled advantages for agriculture every one who has visited the republic admits. Its great diversity of elevation, its broad central plain and its terraced lands on the north and south slopes of the mountain ranges, together with the fine natural irrigation, provide for the growth of both tropical and temperate products. The island contains 12,000,000 acres of the richest land on earth, of which about [illegible] acres are now under cultivation.

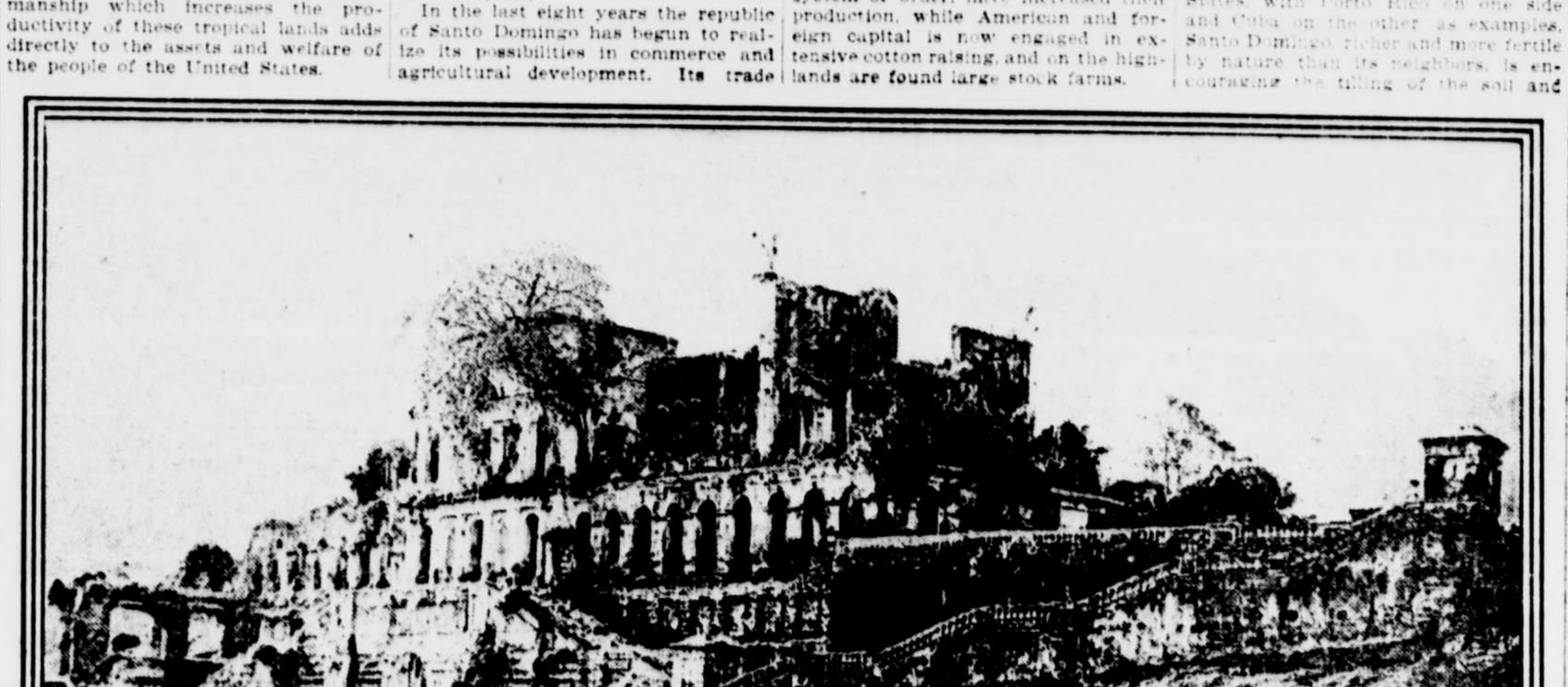
With an area greater than Vermont and New Hampshire combined, its population is but from [illegible] to [illegible],000, a mixture of the Spanish, Indian and negro races. The natives are honest, honorable and hospitable and make fairly good laborers with a little training. Wages are low, averaging from 40 to 60 cents a day.

There are great areas of hard woods, lignum vitae, mahogany, satinwood, walnut, oak and many other kinds of cabinet and construction woods. Besides, on the plateaus there are [illegible],000,000 acres of Spanish cedar, [illegible] and pine. There are about [illegible] acres of splendid grazing land, an ideal cattle country. Land can be bought for from $25 to $40 an acre, the price in both cases depending upon the transportation facilities.

Geographical, topographical and climatic conditions in the Dominican republic are such as to make it an ideal country where agriculture can be developed to a wonderful extent. From an agricultural point of view the country may be divided into three zones. The first may be called the tropical zone, which contains the [illegible] of the hot and low lands. The second zone contains the plains of the stock raising belt. The third [illegible] belt, consists of high [illegible] wheat and other cereals [illegible] temperate zone may be profitably cultivated.

The lands within the [illegible] belt have the richest soil, measuring from four to six feet deep and [illegible] to the cultivation of [illegible]. The central root of this tree [illegible] deep soil. The remainder of the tropical belt has about one foot of vegetable soil and is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of sugar cane, [illegible] tobacco, plantains, [illegible] beans.

This convenient distribution of the agricultural belts makes of the Dominican republic a country where the races of the world may find a suitable home provided governmental conditions are stable.



The ruins of San Souci, Hayti, showing to what neglect and bad government have brought this beautiful island.